

## **Cherry's in the Pink**

Cherry Wainer the “Itchy Twitchy” organist from ITV’s musical explosion “Oh Boy,” bounced out of a man’s shop in Shaftesbury-avenue with a pile of five-guinea sweaters and 3 boxes of expensive cuff-links.

“For my friends,” she said. Then, spotting a couple of coppers standing by a NO PARKING sign:

“How can I whisk my car away discreetly?”

I looked at the low-slung sports car and wondered how you could do anything discreetly with a passion pink body.

We bundled the parcels and made out getaway like bank robbers.  
Destination: Tin Pan Alley

The 300-yard journey took 10 minutes. We talked. About records and clothes and TV and the nice people Miss Wainer has met in Britain.

“I was born in South Africa, but came to England when I was thirteen. I went back for a few months. But now I’m here—for good”

“I couldn’t stand the political set-up in Africa. Here I work with people I like. Who cares what colour they are?”

## **Wriggle**

“On ‘Oh Boy’ we’re all friends and the musicians see me as one of the boys. That’s how I like it. I wriggle about in front of the cameras because I can make the music jump more that way.”

She accelerated with a spotted, silk-colored tan shoe ??(A size maybe?) and waved wildly out the window.

“That’s Cliff Richard, our new boy. He’s a nice kid, not a ruffian like a lot of singers these days. He thinks a lot about things. He’ll get to the top and stay there, that boy. Willing to learn. No big time.”

## **Handle**

“We’re a young show. Jack Good 27, Me 23, Rita Gillespie the girl who handles the camera team...” “She’s great isn’t she.” I nodded “She’s 26.”

“Russell Turner the producer of the Six-Five special tells me he’ll be finished by Christmas But we’ve got more than twice the viewers he gets.”

And no wonder I added, “Six-five died weeks ago. Who wants to watch a corpse?”

A well known publicity agent walked past. Cherry cursed “He’s a louse. Always shooting a line to girls under the pretext of publicity stunts. I hate men who string girls along like that.”

I couldn’t see anyone stringing Cherry along.

She pointed to a pile of books in the back seat, “I like to read” she said. “Other times I play records. Got hundreds, Sinatra, Ella, Duke, rock n’ roll. People say rock is no good. Some of it is. No good being a snob.”

“Got 4 record players. One by the bed. One in the lounge. One for when the others break down. One for when that breaks down.”

She took a cigarette out of a handbag that looked like a medium-sized laundry basket and squirmed in the driving seat.

“I played Peggy Lee ‘Fever’ night after night in bed before I sang it on Oh Boy. Big thing on that was the eyes. I kept still and put all the actions in my eyes.”

She took her hands off the steering wheel, held them across her nose like a yashmak, gazed at me with eyes like organ stops.

I noticed her black and tan hair was combed over her ears like an all-around the face fringe. There was a wire thin ring on her little finger. “Made from elephant’s hair” she said “Mustn’t take it off, terribly superstition. Got two. St. Christophers and an ankle chain with my name on it.”

## **Sprayed**

I was asking her why her car was pink and she was saying she has it sprayed to match her makeup tissues when we reached The Alley.

“Must go” I said. “Sweetie” she said and fumbled among the parcels.

I was left holding a pair of gold cuff-links and realized that I hadn’t even asked her about her record of “Itchy-Twitchy Feeling” and “Cerveza” with Nixa—Which was the reason I’d called on her.

Maybe next time, if she can keep still long enough.